witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be handg: it cold not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines*, *Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foot further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the veriеſt Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle.*
Whew, a plague vpō you all, giue me my Horſe, you rogues, Giue me my Horſe, and be hangd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe ye; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be th
Gad. Some eight or ten.
Falſ. Zounds, will they not
Prince. What? a coward Si
Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn* yet no coward, *Hal*.
Prince. Well, weele leaue t
Poynes. Sirra *Iack*, thy horſe thou needeſt him, there thou
Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike h
Prince. *Ned*, where are our
Poines. Heere hard by ſtan
Falſ. Now my maiſters, ha man to his buſines.

Enter the T

Tra. Come neighbor, the the hill, weele walke a foote a
Theeues. Stay.
Falſ. Strike, downe with th horeſon caterpillars! Bacon- downe with them, fleece ther
Tra. O, we are vndone, bo
Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied chuffes, I would your ſtore w ye knaues? yong men muſt l weele iure ye yfaith.

Heere they rob th the Prince

Prince. The theeues hau thou and I rob the theeues; be argument for a weeke, la ieſt for euer.
Poines. Stand cloſe, I hea

Enter the the

Falſ. Come my maſters, l fore day: and the *Prince* & P theres no equity ſtirring, th than in a wild Ducke.

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